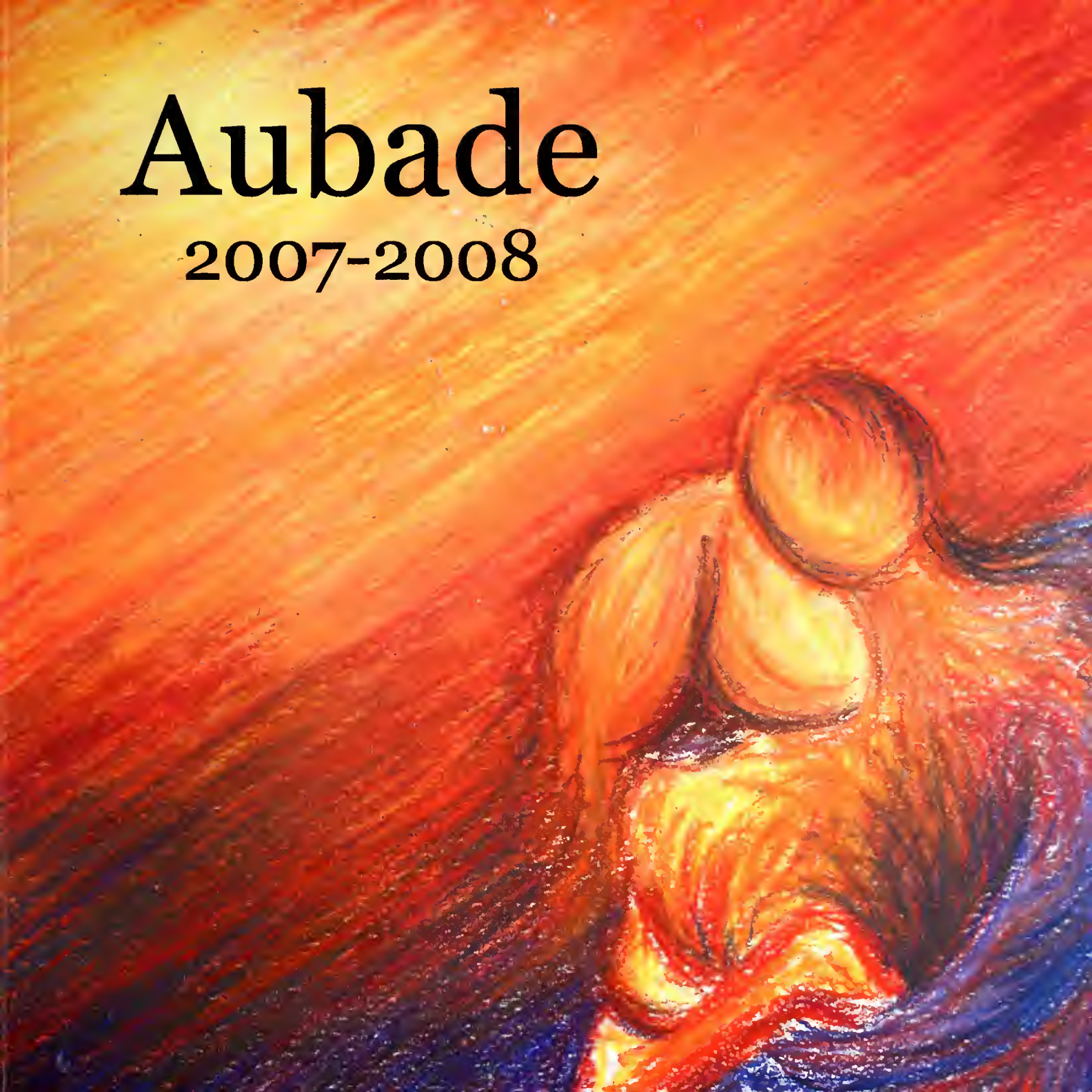



Aubade

2007-2008





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AU-BADE: /ou-bad/

1. a piece of music or poetry to welcome the dawn
2. music or poetry about lovers parting at dawn
3. Mary Washington's annual review of art and literature

AUBADE

2008

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief

Leslie Fannon

Poetry Editor

Chelsea Newnam

Prose Editor

Elizabeth Pringle

Art Editor

Brittany Adams

Mission Statement

The Aubade is the University of Mary Washington's annual review of art and literature. We seek to showcase the best of what the artistic community at UMW has to offer. All submissions are judged anonymously by the reading staff and editors of the Aubade. Submissions should be sent to aubadeumw@gmail.com.



Untitled, Leslie Larson, 1972

TABLE OF CONTENTS

POETRY

BODI, ELIZABETH	
Thunder's Daughter	6
DONAHUE, MARK	
A Poem, Like the Sky	9
FANNON, LESLIE	
We sleep like contortionists	10
The Physical Cartographer	19
HARRIS, GRACE	
The Attempted Suicide of	21
Mr. Dean	
Sunday Evening Gun	22
Cleaning	
Thinking of You; Paying	24
the Bills	
ISAACSON, MIKE	
Iterant Inuit Indian	27
Villages	
Powelton Village, 1978	31
What a World!	34
LYNN, ROBERT	
You Should Have Seen Lee	49
If the Devil	51
MAY, MANDY	
Untitled	53

Love Dies for Winter	54
MCALLISTER, COURTNEY	
Spalding Gray in January	55
Weaving Pantoum	58
NEWNAM, CHELSEA	
Poetry Addresses her	59
Lover, the Novel	
Pollock	60
SWEET, ALISON	
Each to Each	61
The Sound of Rain	62

PROSE

BODI, ELIZABETH	
Cashmere Soldier	7
FANNON, LESLIE	
The Documentary	14
ISAACSON, MIKE	
The Last Night With	25
Wallace Stevens	
KELLY, MADELINE	
Among Ducks, A Swan	38

ARTWORK

GLOVER, DRESDEN	
Fruit	40
HUTABARAT, WILLIAM	
Still Life Alive	23
After Rainfall	33
LYNN, ROBERT	
Let's Talk About	44
Dinosaurs	
Southern Baroque	48
ROBERTS, WHITNEY	
The Woman Wears	41
the Strings	
The Bird Woman of	47
Regent's Park	
The tree has died,	45
the lights have not	
STALLINGS, JONATHAN W.	
Dock Post B&W	11
Moon in Trees	36
North Carolina Trail	37
Tiger Lily B&W	50

ARS ANTIQUAE

1971-1979	12
1980-1989	29
1990-2007	56

Winners of the 2008 Aubade awards for outstanding contributions

ARTWORK

Whitney Roberts, The Woman Wears
the Strings

POETRY

Robert Lynn, You Should Have Seen
Lee (Who Died Like A Carted
Stag or Dog-Driven Deer)

PROSE

Madeline Kelly, Among Ducks. A Swan

A NOTE:

In celebration of the University's centennial, pieces from past editions of Aubade have been incorporated throughout the magazine. They are organized by decade, exploring the changing faces of literature and artwork produced by Mary Washington students over the past 37 years.

**UMW, 1908-2008
AUBADE, 1971-2008**

Thunder's Daughter

She walks the exposed metal
of a construction playground
while aluminum petals
scraped off tin frames fly around

her bare feet, caught between toes.
The scent of the workmen's sweat
will hug and caress her clothes
even though the foreman let

his men go home hours before
the sizzling sun went down.
Now she begins to explore
this dim, empty mutant town

that casts shadows on her face.
Storm clouds create her soundtrack,
playing thunder as her bass
and letting her lyrics crack

across the velveteen sky.
The raindrops bounce towards
rafters, beams, and splatter by
her glazed eyes, looking upwards

to the source of her sound.
But as her ears start to buzz
from the strikes drumming the ground,
she dances along because

she is the thunder's daughter,
and she is the lightning's grin,
leaving the sounds and water
to soak through rice paper skin.

Cashmere Soldier

BODI

He snaps his nametag into place, quickly releasing the plastic badge before the magnets pinch his fingertips. He stares at it for just a moment as if it were a bug that had crawled onto him and lodged itself on his chest. He can't brush it away in annoyance because the strong magnets hold onto him like a leech, clenching desperately to the front of his carefully color-coordinated layered t-shirts. He walks to the front of the store, away from the other workers, because he doesn't feel like making idle small talk. He is awkward in social settings because he can't work from a practiced script like he can with customers. When he talks to people he has to interact with for extended periods of time, his hands fidget endlessly, some invisible force holding a cigarette lighter to his fingertips, making them dance.

He scuffles through the tables and racks, adjusting here and there, tucking in tags and re-folding items of clothing that have been mussed, ignored or simply unwanted. He stops at a pile of cardigans that look as if they were made with wet sand, tiny shell buttons lining the front in perfect formation. Some of the miniscule soldiers are out of place so he gently coaxes them back through the cashmere trenches of the sweater. He looks satisfied with his handiwork and moves on to inspect the next row of items. Even though he knows that he will most likely redo everything at least four more times throughout the day, each pile refolded gives him the exact same feeling of satisfaction – monotony does not deter him.

When he speaks, you have to lean in close or all you'll hear is a low drone, like radio static. He doesn't realize he's talking in almost a whisper, his words barely escaping his lips, perhaps getting stuck in the stubble on his chin as his lunch sometimes does. Many just smile, nod and pretend they understand because it's easier than asking him to repeat himself. His movements, like his speech, are muted and muddled – his actions are slow and purposeful, as if every limb were weighted down. Sometimes he hums to himself, the lyrics lost somewhere in his head, the melody quiet and subdued. When he thinks no one is watching, he shuffles his feet gawkily to his own humming. He always thinks that no one is watching because he thinks they don't want to. He is a chameleon, shifting constantly against his background, melding into its cottons, linens, and synthetic fibers. He is just a part of the scenery – ruggedly attractive with a pinch of charm. He knows he's been converted when he finds himself dressed in the same clothes as the window mannequin. With his stiff steps and whispered conversations, it's hard to tell them apart. He's twenty-six years old and his mother still drives him to work. She kisses him goodbye and waves him off as he walks into the store. He doesn't like to wave back so he just shuffles into the front door, his eyes usually looking just a pace or two past his own feet, ignoring everything else until his nametag's in place. A heavy messenger bag hits the back of his knees, stuffed with the books he likes to read during his lunch breaks. He never reads

the same book two days in a row, always switching off, coming back to an older one later. He can't seem to concentrate on one story too long, like he has some strange form of literary ADD. His brown hair is always disheveled, but in a stylish and hip way, and you know that it took much preparation to make it look as if he just crawled out of bed.

But when a customer walks into the front doors, he suddenly becomes erect, his hunch form erased as he composes himself. In an instant he's attacking, letting loose a barrage of niceties. He lulls them with his glittering teeth, soothes them with the soft edges of his voice. His coyness disappears completely; he knows that these people don't matter because they will barely remember what his nametag said the next day. Yet they all trust in him completely, handing over their lives and credit cards as he leads them around, as though on leashes. They fawn over his attractive outfit, giggle as he compliments their own appearance, all the while pulling hangers off of racks, ready to attack with suggestions on how to handle the cooling weather with cable knits and peacoats.

His words are flypaper coated in sugar, sweet and granular, but a prison nonetheless. He hooks into you like a skilled fisherman, sending you reeling until your feet don't touch the ground. He can make you believe that a new pair of boot cut blue jeans is all your life is missing. He can make you believe that a chocolate brown corduroy blazer will make your next job interview a breeze. He can make you believe that a particular crocheted scarf will bring out the flush in your cheeks. He is faceless and comforting, a casual figure made to appeal to your senses and wallet. Sometimes he is no different from the mannequin in the window; poses shifting when need be, his costume changed for every season.

Elizabeth Bodi

A Poem, Like the Sky,

embraces
my flesh with a hungry
mouth, white wisps
as teeth. The
breeze cradling
the clouds into fluid movement; lips
trembling into a smile.
Black birds weave in
and out of the delicate vapors, peppering
the sky's molars and canines. Seeds
of their blackness seep into
the clouds, soiling
the winter-birch white. Like smoke,
the gray suffuses the sky and its blue
sickled edges and chokes
the sun as a stone in a river.

Mark Donahue

We sleep like contortionists

We sleep like contortionists,

we are
back benders. With my

eye to your ear –

You slip your foot behind the small of my back
and rest your chin on the nape of my neck. I
cradle my knee in the arch of your feet.

We are
twisted hips, cambered spines, a
mountain range of joints,
tangents rays 180° angles.

We
sink into the springs.

Our
limbs like pickupsticks, waiting to be sorted. We
sleep to touch.

I sleep with my eye in your ear.
I think I can see the curves and swerves of your brain.
I can name the geography – frontal/parietal/occipital/temporal.
Scientific vocabulary, emotionless/crass.

But,
I describe the folds of your ear and the shape of your thoughts
in terms of shadows
and intentions.
I count them, like sheep. I
breathe them.
I count them til you sleep and your thoughts become dreams you

FANNON, STALLINGS

won't remember in the morning.

We
sleep like contortionists, our stage
our bed. Our curtain, our sheets. We
sleep to touch.

Leslie Fannon



Dock Post B&W
Jonathan Stallings

My underwhere was in print once
and some guy said it sounded like me.
Over coffee.
I should hope so.

But then again –
Thru this medium one could become many.
A recent writing spoke of one in a thousand
or something.
Could be the bitter coffee,
but there's been a drastic reduction
down to about 246
and continually declining.

Still.
We all got dem shovel.s
Shuffling 'round.
(Funny things the sun can do,
yet the sun can't do them all.)
Etc. You can dig it, ya?
It's under here.

Ellie Regan



1973, 1975

The constant grind of the wheels begins to pound in my ears. The miles we have travelled increases; the tracks reach up and grab the rotating cogs of the wheels. The atmosphere incites thought and once provoked, I am removed. To drift is a rather pleasant sensation. Drifting through the clouds lends the feeling of weightlessness. I once was stranded on a cloud somewhere over the Mediterranean. It was a very nice sort of cloud, isolated from the others in a bizarre sort of way. There were all shapes and forms of tiny pockets in which I could hide my face from passing planes. I hide my face a lot these days. Reality is supposed to exist in the air giving one a nauseated sort of feeling; the queasy, dizzying sickness that sweeps through your blood and knocks you off your feet if for only a moment. Nausea—that's a good word! Sarte used it to describe the effects of the elusiveness of reality. Things began to lose their meaning in shape and distinctiveness. Antoine's vision acquired a blurred characteristic but Antoine was my friend. He handed me my nausea one day on a gilded platter and now I wish I could give it back to him. Of course, sitting on this cloud takes away my nausea but that is only because there is nothing to eat or drink up here. The world consists of one big bowl of cotton candy—cherry, banana, orange, raspberry. I like black licorice, though, I— stop. There are no I's, he's, she's or it's here, just cloud. What is this essence of being that is called man or me? What will I call this thing that covers the length of this cloud; this thing that can touch, breathe, see, hear and smell—capable of movement? This thing that grows out of the depths of my inner brain with a fleshy surface possessing arms, legs, fingers and toes—like sticks growing out of a long straight tree— branches? What will become of the tools I have tucked away within me in which I could populate the face of the world? Sterility, perhaps? The soft edges of the cloud invite erection just by the mere touch of their billowy substance upon my covering. Can I shed this covering? One thing at a time my dear _____. Sprawled upon the floor of this cloud my fountain rises and injects the atmosphere with its life giving serum and now i it he she or me is dead. A very sad pathetic looking thing. Bent to one side it says adios with one last spurt and a cough... goodnight sweet prince.

Baltimore, Baltimore... next stop is Baltimore. Passengers departing at Baltimore please move to the rear of the train.

Marcy Rogers

The Documentary

14 –

“If suffering brings wisdom, I would wish to be less wise.” – William Butler Yeats

100 –

When asked which animal she prefers she will not respond that it is the lazy stray that sleeps on the rug she braided from old baby clothes or the fish she feeds every morning from the jar of flakes he left behind. Instead she will look out the window and point to a scaled lizard basking on the sidewalk. “They always lose their tales and that doesn’t stop ‘em.” And she folds her hands, her fingers resting on her scaled, red knuckles from braiding rugs and using cheap, Dollar Tree lather to wash all of the dishes she left behind.

200 –

This morning she counts two hundred and seventeen imperfections on her body. Stretch marks from giving birth and baked goods, scars from every conquest and grey hairs from age and shock. There are crow’s feet around her eyes and scales on her fingers. If she turns her body, twisting it like a towel, she can see the first spider vein sneaking up the back of her leg, creeping northward like the vines on her bricks or the highways on a map. Like the vines she cannot keep from engulfing her brick, eventually her bones will crack with the force of the veins until she crumbles into dust on the carpet. That is life. Resolutely untwisting her body, she abandons the mirror. She throws away her make-up this morning because she has given into age and the ugliness that comes with it. It is this morning that she will decide to be angry. She will no longer dye her hair or use expensive crèmes. She will refuse to watch what she eats but will relish in every bite, every subsequent roll of fat that will cover her dissolving bones. She returns to the mirror and removes it from the wall, mourning.

300 –

Ethan does not regret the decision to join the Navy, not today and he will not regret it tomorrow. He chose the Navy because his mother never took him to see the sea. But today he sighs, because the ocean has become monotonous – this morning it is infinite and tomorrow it will be infinite. Sometimes the ocean is a different shade of dirty, but he still hasn’t seen the cerulean he imagined, only the brown-green color of his fatigues, as if the sea is also dressed for war. He is on the deck now, rather than composing a letter to his mother, because he can no longer stand the appalling odor of the bunks. He thought becoming accustomed to living on the ship would be simple. The bulk of the ship calmed the ocean and the echoes off the metal of the men shouting obscenities is nothing more or less than he expected. It is the smell that makes him

long for open air. He is blessed with a strong nose and he can smell scent upon scent, layered on the men like rings on a stump, measuring their years and their old lives in one smell on top of the other. Roland, who the men call Neal for reasons beyond Ethan's comprehension, smells vaguely of tuna fish and chlorine, while a tall man with pale skin nicknamed Red for his tendency to blush profusely, smells so strongly of sunscreen and onions that it is all Ethan can do to keep from gagging. So he retreats to the safety of the ocean air, which today offers little solace because it too is carrying smells from a previous engagement, a hint of diesel and of rotting fish. It carries smells of civilization and Ethan imagines the harbor just out of sight.

400 –

She is named after a hurricane. In August 1953 the winds of Hurricane Barbara sent her mother, two and a half weeks overdue, into labor because the rattling windows made her fear that the large pine tree, dancing exaggeratedly to the rhythm of the wind, would burst through the roof and crush her and her frustratingly unborn child. Her mother, grateful for the storm's part in the birth of her child, honored the hurricane by naming her newborn daughter Barbara. She has no middle name because the storm had no middle name. This was how her mother thought. Now, fifty-four years later, Barbara wonders why she named her child Ethan, because looking at the pictures she has of him she realizes that he looks to be more of a Mark than an Ethan, a Francis if anything. She supposes that it is simply too late now, so she folds the cover of the album and places it in its place on the shelf next to her bed. She rises from the bed to make herself breakfast; she feeds the beta fish, she scratches the dog that had followed Ethan home from little league one afternoon behind the ears and feeds him table scraps. She then feeds herself, preparing an elaborate breakfast of French toast, coated in syrup, butter and powdered sugar, with a side of bacon and sausage. She fills her glass with orange juice, and on a second thought, adds a bit of the champagne she is saving for Ethan's homecoming. She no longer knows how to occupy her time; there are no PTA meetings, no Boy Scouts, no little league. There are no parties or high school baseball games. There is only time for thought and reflection – activities that Barbara thinks are best left to those with the power to affect change. She clears her plate, sopping up the last bit of syrup with the last piece of bacon, and lets the mixture of sweet and salty sit on her tongue, letting the syrup drip down her throat. She thinks of the lies that she lived for the other mothers, for the sake of her son. "I just don't understand," she whispers to the dog, named William Yeats, whom they simply call Butler. "How could I avoid something as delicious as syrup?" She returns to the sink, to wash the plates, bowls and forks, and watches the lizards.

Ethan carries three photographs in his suitcase, one of his mother, one of his dog and one of his dog's namesake, Yeats. "Who's that?" asks his bunkmate Carl, leaning over Ethan as he fingers the photograph, tracing the poet's hooked nose and filling Ethan's own nostrils with the scent of eggs. "Tread softly because you tread on my dreams," Ethan whispers to the man who is little more than a boy. "Wha-" the bunkmate begins but Ethan stops him by saying, "My father." His bunkmate smiles and, in motions more like pounds, pats him on his shoulder in the way men find affectionate. Only once has anyone contradicted Ethan's claim that the man, William Butler Yeats, is his father, but the traitor said nothing to his classmates when he saw the despair in Ethan's eyes at someone discovering his lie. He buries the photograph underneath his toiletries and underwear, packing what little things he has with him on the ship. The ship is pulling into the harbor now and the smells are overwhelming: of smoke, decay, and man upon man upon man in the large city they will take port in. Ethan zips up his pack, missing the sweet scent of his mother and her cologne, which unbeknownst to Ethan is lying at the bottom of the kitchen trashcan under the remains of Barbara's elaborate breakfast and even larger lunch. He longs for the comfort of Butler and imagines that WB Yeats is waiting for him with his mother, caressing her gently and whispering poetry in her ear before they make love. It is not that he wants to imagine his mother in such an intimate setting so much as he realizes that his mother was never happy with just him as a son. She needs someone with words as sweet as Yeats'. And there is no doubt that Ethan needs a father. He composes the letter he put off earlier because of the smells, telling his mother of the Navy's cohorts overseas, most of which he knows she will not be able to read because the government will decide that it is inappropriate and a danger to their mission. Ethan does not realize that as soon as his ship comes into harbor, he and three other men on board will be used to find hostages. He will find no need to tell his mother this until he returns home, but he will find upon his return that his mother will know all of the details. He signs the letter with a flourish and ends with a declaration of love that he writes, though he knows it is not good enough. He promises to return home soon, even though he knows that they just deployed. He promises to clean the dishes, his one and only chore, every night without complaint, for he cannot wait to return to the dog named Butler, the fish with no names and the lizards that sun on the walk. But these promises are all empty.

Barbara removes the band she wore on her left ring finger for twenty years because she realizes that it is no longer necessary. It is simple, only a gold band that had the names of her mother and father engraved on the inside; it was simple, she wore it to deflect unnecessary questions that would upset her son. It is not her wedding ring, but the ring that had bound her mother to

her father. She supposes that she can wear it on a different finger in homage to her parents, but when she takes it off she realizes the damage it has done. It still appears as though she is wearing a ring for the skin beneath the gold is raw and red; it has split and matches her scaled knuckles. She sighs because the lie she perpetrated for so long has left its mark and the more she touches the skin, the more it hurts her. She places the ring in the roll top desk along with her son's birth certificate, the bills she will have to pay with her son's paycheck, and the prescription for the medication she takes to fight the crumbling of her bones. She pours more champagne in a plastic cup and sits in the recliner by the window that looks at her backyard. There is an old wheelbarrow that she used to carry firewood from the back of the yard to the backdoor during the winter; in the corner formed by the wooden handle and the metal of the barrow there is a bird's nest. A black widow spider has begun building her deadly web in the corner of the swing set that her brother built for his nephew. Suddenly her body heaves, pushed forward uncontrollably by a rush of emotion that frightens Barbara. She coughs violently, racked by sorrow because the bugs and the birds are not her son. Butler rises from his rug and for a moment Barbara holds the sobs long enough to look bemusedly at her son's stray, for normally he only leaves his rug for food. She still holds the cup of champagne in her right hand, though much of it has spilled onto the carpet, and Butler forces her left hand onto his head behind his ears. There are no tears and he reaches up to lick the raw skin, eventually resting his head on her knee.

300 –

While the city whose harbor they occupy has a name that rolls off the tongue and hangs in the air like the scent of honeysuckle, Ethan despises saying the name of the land it resides within. He feels that it requires his teeth to move too quickly from his tongue and his lips to spread too wide. The scents of this foreign country are overwhelming; perhaps that is why he does not notice the voices of three men behind him where all he can see are women. He can identify some things; the odor of livestock and the smell of gasoline from boats and automobiles. He walks with two other men that will do their assigned job, quickly and efficiently, out of harm's way. There is no anxiety in their throats or fear in their guts; one man only thinks of home, the other only of the women who leave everything to the imagination (with their dark eyes peering over their dark masks), and Ethan thinks only of the nausea in his stomach and the smells in his nostrils. Ethan has a knack for languages like he has a knack for smells and that is why he is in this place at this moment; but still he does not hear them whispering. The photograph of Yeats is in his pocket, with the photograph of Butler and his mother, and he touches it to remember it

is there. He looks to his companions and thinks in the words of Yeats: “those that I fight I do not hate, those that I guard I do not love.” And from there all scents become imperceptible except the scent of burlap, all feelings unfelt except the metallic press of the gun in his back, all sounds unheard except the soft voices he almost recognizes.

200 –

At this moment, on the other side of the ocean, Barbara is getting her things ready for her son’s homecoming, anticipating the return of the large ship two months before it is due. There is little else to fill her time except thinking, an activity she would rather not pursue. But because Barbara does not have a television, she does not know that there are three soldiers missing from her son’s ship, their names withheld until morning. As she chooses the outfit she will wear to greet her son among the newlyweds and newly born, she hears the sound of gravel being pushed into the ground. A Buick illuminates the road and the asphalt glitters like thousands of stars, invisible in the night sky. Barbara thinks to herself that it is as if these stars have been cast out of the sky, casualties of construction and industrialization, ethereal stars enlivened by the manufactured lights that murdered their celestial counterparts. She does not notice the man who steps out of the car until the headlights go dark. For a moment she believes the white uniform to be the one she pressed and starched before her son’s departure, but she is wrong.

100 –

Today she will not cry, nor will she lose control of her body and the way it behaves. She harbors no ill towards the lazy stray or the fish that she still feeds from the jar of flakes he left. She still does the dishes, careful to dry her raw skin that has yet to heal. But today, while her son is neither alive nor dead, she walks to the nearest lizard, warming his blood in the sun, and steps violently on his tail. It writhes until it is free, slowly repairing its lost limb; she begins to cry, mourning.

14 –

“Cast a cold eye
on Life, on Death.
Horsemen, pass by!”
-William Butler Yeats

Leslie Fannon

The Physical Cartographer

I. There are stretchmarks,
like seams,
where her breasts
begin and her hips
end.
Holding the parts of her
into a whole,
she owes them
everything. They streak
across her stomach,
surrounding her navel,
like topography.
And behind her knees,
keeping her joints from disjuncting,
tying her leg to her thigh,
they are poorly and unfashionably sewn
but functional jetties of skin.

II. An Arc de Triomphe in
the photogrammetry
of the arches of
her feet, of the
curve of
her spine
and the
curl of
her toes.
He traces the
soffit with a
tapered index
finger over the
riverbed ridges and the
uneven landscape of spinal terrain.

III. The cartographer,
geographer of her biology,
imagines her body uncharted,
waiting to be mapped. Her crow's feet
and birthmarks like blue highways
and textured mountain
ranges. The valleys and forges
of her knuckles and
the cavern created by her hand in his,
distinguished by its distinct
stalactite fingers.

Leslie Fannon

The Attempted Suicide of Mr. Dean

The widow living below you nursed
tomatoes flushing red-orange
beneath taut skins,
juicy beefsteaks.
And past them you finally fell
three stories. Hours,
splayed on the churning
white metal unit.
Heft of fruit,
ripened insides,
taxing the vine.
Broken wrists and blood—

a better fate
than listening to
Benny Goodman B-sides
alone,
a navy cloth draped
over the cockatiel's
cage, birdsong
shut out
for the night.

Grace Harris

Sunday Evening Gun Cleaning

We sink knee-high in grasses
and send the blind cat scuttling
away, leg slung up on his back
like a sack of marbles - a testament
to years of skirting brambles
and wire fences, or winters spent
battling for a decent bed.

Pausing at the brick
stairs, we stand split-leveled
like admirals and snake
oil through the barrels, removing
gunk in smears. The residue
makes our palms
smell like coins.

I wipe the excess on an oak,
then on my jean fronts. You slouch
in the doorway, one hand bracing
the small of your back, the other high
against the jamb. We look
beyond the black doily edge
of the tree line, where the sky
blushes coral
and the clouds wear thin.

Grace Harris



William H.

Still Life Alive, pen & ink
William Hutabarat

Thinking of You; Paying the Bills

The psychedelic poster of Mary
is tacked uneven on the wall, its lamination
sheening with light from the kitchen. The bulbs
are encased in a rectangle of hard plastic,
the kind that is patterned with diamonds
and hard to wipe down.

You've forgotten
about the pots in the sink, the days-old rice
and sauces, the spatulas gelled with egg
batter. For days you've popped
in only for clean work socks, with the rent neglected
and clothes left inside-out in heaps.

Close up, the Virgin's eyes
house sombreros, and the roses
in her cloak sop up the tears
of peasants with their pink folds.

Grace Harris

The Last Night with Wallace Stevens

ISAACSON

I held the ladder while Wallace Stevens climbed it, considering each barefooted step with a disdainful caution.

He firmly planted the corner of a white bed sheet, which he insisted was, in fact, an “economical canvas”, with his hand as he removed one of the two nails from the left side of his mouth.

After about three different configurations of hammer, nail, bed sheet, he grabbed the nail firmly with his thumb and index finger, holding the bed sheet with the side of his palm, and hammered the nail through the sheet into the wall.

“You see, Michael,” he muttered through the right corner of his mouth.

I had insisted that he could call me, “Mike,” but he adamantly refused by means of sheer stubbornness rather than through direct protest.

“You see, Michael,” he affirmed, almost in spite, having fully descended from the ladder. “It is important that an artist continually expand his horizons.”

We each picked up a side and moved the ladder as he continued. “For we represent our own imagination, and must do it in every way that we can.”

He climbed the ladder once more and more quickly nailed the sheet in place, having mastered the art of holding three things simultaneously. After he climbed down the ladder, I briefly considered asking him where to put it, but thought it wiser to use my imagination.

He pulled a chair to face away from his makeshift canvas as he declared, “I said it once of poems, but I think it’s true of all art: it must resist the intelligence, almost successfully.”

He sat down in the chair, loading a shotgun. His voice began to trail off, almost as if he were convincing himself, “Because after all, the artist is the maker of meaning.”

I protested that I had seen Nathaniel Hawthorne interpreted by feminists and Shakespeare interpreted by Marxists. Certainly, this must mean that the artist hardly holds domain over his own work, and thus must strive to make it stand on its own.

“The artist is the maker of meaning!” He barked – the assertion with malice spat in enough volume to extinguish the largest of supernovae.

With that he put the barrel in his mouth and pulled the trigger with his toe, splattering his brains all over the white bed sheet.

I guess I can’t really argue with that.

Mike Isaacson

Iterant Inuit Indian Villages

Intimate passion for images
of imminent pillages,
fashioned from filling
the masses with militant
imitations in the nation
that's created from killing
and pittering crying.
The digital dying,
the sirens that soak sound
and dye the whole sky.

O dire ire! Irony doubles as a battle line.
We tire for drier pyre pits to burn your idol on.
We sheath ourselves in feathers and fur,
papers impure,
the scintillating vapors of myrrh...

A shame! A shame
for the nameless plain grave
of a grain grayed
passes the day for you, sire.
O, irony's calling out for iodine tablets
in an idle vile at the iron foot of an idol.

Entity? Plentily.
Identity: Kennedy.
Enemies entering senate seats
to lift up their companies'
commodity oddity,
mottled anomaly,
bottled lobotomy:
trade it in for foreign economy.
of famine and family.

The bigger, the better;
the lesser the letter,
the cheaper the sweater
from Serengeti ghettos
with deforested dreams of meadows.
The steady settling nettles
contaminate petals
of posies and petunias.

The jostled junior
of a moonchild, styled
with jade eyes in a globalized junta
in the middle of a profit war.

At her very core,
the lies catalyze
as her stuttering cries
emphasize and prophesize
that this is just a dance floor.

Mike Isaacson

Canephorae

1980

I purchased a body in the market just last noon
a pine envelope smattered w/wrinkles & grain.
he stood by my side and generally could be
found under
my armpit,
a crutch to but
tress.
a gothic cath
edral.

the shrew to be blamed for usurping affection
and
i had not yet seen

boticelli's original
on the ½ shell & a
sixpack in
the back
seat.

i dared to take him home to the forest, to view
a living that he could not know. petrified, he
fled from the prospect of becoming this chair
or
that table

the kindling was frosted last evening, despite
the fact that it

huddled together
to keep a
daylight
warmth

it's st. martin's summer and things are fooled into
death.

1986

fresh milk takes time to sour
cherish this he said
 rosebay courts the indra breeze but
 truth's aroma mingles w/the god
 truth is the body
a fragile jar
the florist's hothouse
 beneath whose glass the fragrance
 imprisoned
a divinely fine scentless blossom
the end impending and the jar
 steam and condensation
 steam and condensation
 contemplation
steams the glass walls only to be
 rubbed away from the inside
drips and beads perspiring
to be wiped from beneath
 the body is the foam
 of a wave thrashing
on the rocks
 the cliffs jagging C. France
 the unprotrudable.

Un Chien Andalou,
House paint on plywood
Craig Dietz



Powelton Village, 1978

The waves crash on the shore,
giving birth to sea sons
by the glow of the moon.
The moon midwives iridescent smiles
from stones' forms in
notes on sheets of white sand.

We till the land
like fires transgressing
through urban tenement roofs
that roar like hooves
stampeding to blacken the sun.

But some
would serve to sip sunlight and burn their backs
than bear their bodies in basements.
choosing between flood and flame
where embers rain upon a licking current
where fire hoses make storm drains
out of windows.

The wind blows
with the viscosity of dust,
merciless without reason
or even

meaning to be –
just looking for a place to rest.

The ashen air traverses
each ember and person
already inhabiting hearses.

*Heard them say there was nine on the news;
may be eleven now.*

Storms plough the rubble
into streets, into sewers, into seas.

The ocean laps the beaches
with backwash of eleven forever,
giving birth to sea sons
by the glow of the moon,
curled in early lateness,
belated too soon.

Mike Isaacson

HUTABARAT



After Rainfall
William Hutabarat

What a World! What a World!

Jazz bebops
off the epitaphs
of every echo (echo)
of the percussion
of depressed valves

What a world! What a world!

Where trombones
tromp a slide step
past the last
tincture of harmony

What a world! What a world!

Pushin' for Kush
and a good pussy
after a hot jam
on a cool lick
set ablaze in praise of

What a world! What a world!

What worlds and words
collide under the rhythm
of the last jism
of a twelve bar

What a world! What a world!

That raise up
and touch the sky

What a world! What a world!

ISAACSON

That put two and two
together and get five

What a world! What a world!

That keeps hope alive
wrapped in five lines
that only a dollar bill
and a mirror can set free
What a world! What a world!

Boppin' up that funk
bootin' up that junk
screamin' a choir
like a fire of fleas
jumpin' and bumpin'
to the bass of a last
tomorrow

What a world! What a world!

What a beautiful world!

*And I think to myself
what a wonderful world*

Mike Isaacson



Moon in Trees
Jonathan Stallings

STALLINGS



North Carolina Trail
Jonathan Stallings

Among Ducks, A Swan

Smoke and noise. And beer. But mostly smoke.

The acid haze of an unfiltered cigarette is hovering to my left, my brother at its nucleus. Jake is smoking more than I'd like these days—I don't remember this vice from before—but I can't pluck up the courage to pilfer his *Lucky Strikes* to throw them away. (Nor do I have the courage to try one.) I settle for turning a blind eye, fanning my face, and sipping a diet coke.

Besides, there's plenty to occupy my attention. It's my first real vacation from college, and here I am in none other than Daytona Beach, Florida. I may be visiting my brother, but this is *not* the typical family reunion. Scant meters from my face, school buses hurtle round and round in a calamitous melee that only hints at the destruction of the demolition derby to follow. The vehicles thunder past, bumping each other with jolting crashes, screaming along the concrete retaining wall in a trail of sparks. Barrel-chested men cheer; scrawny, rat-like children squeal. Welcome to New Smyrna Beach Speedway, host to Battle of the Badges: a friendly, charitable event for local law enforcement that hinges on nothing less than utter carnage. I look at the chain link fence before me, tattered, mangled, dented, askew, and close my eyes.

Below Jake on the bleachers are the *three amigos*: Paul, Mark, and Rob, my brother's classmates from the American Motorcycle Institute. The school, AMI—now blandly called *WyoTech*—was once a cheap motel, and rumor has it the pool was a drop point for drugs coming in from the Caribbean. The school's location just outside the International Airport made it an easy target, and the abnormal depth of the pool didn't hurt, either. Naturally, the school wants nothing to do with these legends, and assures prospective students that WyoTech is a respectable community of passionate students and instructors. But ask any of the students what makes AMI special, and it won't be the kind of garbage you find spewed in a WyoTech brochure.

And nor does the gritty texture of this motel-turned-college negate the academic rigor. In just a few months Jake will graduate with the coveted BMW mechanic's certification, a distinction that will land him in the motorcycle shop of his choice with a comfortable starting salary. Rob, Mark, and Paul will have similar opportunities. In some ways, their scholarly path makes more sense than my own: why learn the privileged art of literary criticism when the undervalued 'grease-monkey' makes more of an impact? Whether under the auspices of cheap motel or high-tech vocational academy, AMI is these boys' own personal Ivy League. And I guess that makes Daytona their Cambridge...

In all, our group at the speedway comes to five, and I am both the youngest and the only female. It reminds me of childhood, actually: in a neighborhood devoid of girls, Jake became my gateway to camaraderie. His friends became my friends, and he never openly begrudged his baby sister a chance to tag along. It seems like decades ago, but I suppose some things never change. Even the boyish element of destruction remains—only now our detonated army men

KELLY

and smashed matchbox cars have become the real thing: stunt men and combative rusted-out jalopies. With a backdrop of illicit, smuggled booze.

The races are dragging on, now. A couple of rounds have gone by, and the stunt riders have exhausted their repertoire of tricks. The tedium of warm-up laps and pit stops is wearing on our attention spans, and even the most death-defying feat seems trite when you've seen it a dozen times. "Come on," somebody says finally. "Let's go do doughnuts in the parking lot." Oddly, it makes sense; we go.

The lot is a field, dark and dewy. The sounds of demolition—and the contented cheers of a fat, happy crowd—recede, and we're left with the illusion that, for all the pickup trucks, we could be strolling in the most pristine Nature. The stars even come out to do their darndest against the white-hot lights of the speedway.

Rob's Jeep spins round and round in the dark as, one by one, my new-found brothers take their turns behind the wheel. Those who don't drive play football with an empty keg while I watch from the sidelines, too reserved to be protagonist in my own story.

When the derby finally ends, the dam breaks and all of proletariat Daytona Beach comes streaming out—our idyll is shattered and chaos ensues. Through the melee, I hear someone shout, "You're driving," and a clammy hand presses the space between my shoulder blades while its mate pushes a set of keys at me. "Dunks." I mutter darkly. "Get in the car."

I start up tentatively. I've never driven someone else's car before, and getting out of here is harder than I'd thought. Every time I think I've found an exit, all of a sudden tan leather faces loom and I realize I've driven into the middle of a crowd. Again and again until, finally—finally, a left turn and open road. Free at last!

I push the accelerator down, way down, in spite of myself. We leap forward, torpedo-like and graceful. Mark's car, jet-black, has the deep, rumbling voice of a rugged man, and the agility of a boxer. I open the windows and the sunroof. It's late and I'm tired—not to mention stone-cold sober, smoke-sick, and packed in with fools—so I just drive. The boys laugh, heckle and tease, but I watch the slick track of the roadway and let the car do my talking. The pedal touches floor; my passengers cheer.

As I coast up to a desolate intersection, the engine's baritone fades to a mumble. Across the way, a little dilapidated house—ostensibly white—sits speckled with feeble lights. There are a healthy handful of cars and motorcycles parked outside; music wafts through the darkness. Paul gets excited, reaches over my shoulder, and nudges us toward the driveway. I take his hand off the wheel.

"You want to stop?"

Continued on page 42

GLOVER



Fruit
Dresden Glover



The Woman Wears the Strings
Whitney Roberts

Three affirmatives and the crunch of gravel under tires. We stop.

Before I've even switched the ignition, doors fling open and my drunken men pour from the cramped Acura like it were a clown car. They tramp, laughing, toward the dumpiest house I've ever seen. Crooked and peeling, dirty and overgrown. It's a building you're not meant to remember—all you need to know is its name: *The Cabbage Patch*. You wouldn't think it, but this back-roads watering hole is legendary in biker lore. If there are dolls on the premises, I don't want to know where.

Paul—surprisingly lucid—hangs back and puts his free arm around me. “In one week,” he announces with great solemnity, “all of this will be different.” He waves his beer at the desolate lot in a grand sweeping gesture. “Biketoberfest at the *Cabbage Patch* is famous. Epic. Imagine: all of the picnic tables full—and the campgrounds, too. Oh! And the coleslaw wrestling...” He trails off.

I nod. “I see.”

He grins maniacally and shakes me a little bit. “It's going to be awesome.”

Actually, from what I've heard, Biketoberfest at the Cabbage Patch *is* pretty epic. The unofficial motto of the event is ‘Chicks, Bikes, Coleslaw,’ and the reality is not far from that ideal. Aside from Paul's cherished wrestling, the bill includes wet t-shirt contests, “hot buns” contests, and body painting—not to mention the entire motorcycle circus of bike drops, bike jumps, bike pulls, etc. In 2001, a skydiver hired to kick off the event actually *landed on* one of the volunteers—and although the poor woman had to be airlifted to an ICU, the party started up again a mere fifteen minutes later. The show must go on! And indeed, at the Cabbage Patch it always does.

Paul's reverie is brief, and after a solemn pause, he releases me enthusiastically and bounds over to the table where Jake and Mark are getting ready to share a smoke. Mark, not one to be stopped by underage-drinking laws, sways quietly on the spot, his beer lurching from side to side precariously. “No more for me,” he says to nobody in particular. I wonder if it's the DD's responsibility to withhold beverages. I shrug to myself and sit at the other end of the table. Mark can look after himself.

The evening marches on. Every now and then I venture to ask how much longer they'd like to stay, and the answer is always, “Just a few more minutes,” or, “Just one more drink.” Paul goes for the next round and doesn't bother to come back.

“You guys want to go in?” Mark suggests a few minutes later. I look at Jake uneasily—but he doesn't understand my glance (so much for the language of siblings) and before I know it, I find myself pushing open the door to one of America's most notorious biker bars at nearly two-o'clock in the morning. I am dripping, not with sweat, but with my own politics. I am sure the bikers will be able to smell it—the scent of liberalism, of tofu, of my fancy book-learnin' education. Like a nervous cartoon character, I gulp.

And, nevertheless, go in.

KELLY

Inside it's not so bad as I'd feared. The floor is beat-up wood—smooth and soft and luxurious—and the ceiling is positively plastered with notes, photos, receipts, bills, and commentary. Nothing of the desolation we'd felt outside. In the Cabbage Patch, everything is light and warmth. Even the people were warm, in their leather suits and artificial tans, their tassels and bleach-blond hair. It's not so bad. I gulp again.

We find Paul deep in conversation with a fellow veteran and the old fellow's buxom mate. Names have been taken; drinks have been ordered. Jake and Mark saunter off to find victuals. I slink off to find a quiet corner and watch the bizarre world unfold.

Tucked away to the right of the bar, a band strikes up Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Sweet Home Alabama.' The drummer unfurls a Confederate flag. I shift in my seat, remembering how fervent a liberal I really am. I hope it doesn't show—I don't want to look like more of a sissy than I have to. I cling to the table, paralyzed, trying to look casual but unapproachable, polite but not snooty. Jake, who has appeared from amongst the masses, sits across from me—not drinking, not mingling, not even smoking.

I catch his eye and we both grin foolishly at the situation. *How far we've come!* he seems to say. The world Jake lives in is light-years away from my familiar suburban Arlington. And yet, it was his home, too, once. We were best friends; we ran in the same circles. Even after we outgrew the neighborhood children—after I made my own friends, girl friends—we stayed close. In high school, we spent hours together every day. We'd brew a pot of coffee, grab the thermos, and make for the dog park. We'd talk about everything from animals to astrophysics to academics. We'd talk about what was wrong with the world. We'd talk about mom and dad. Since he moved to Daytona, I've talked to him twice, maybe three times, on the phone. How far we've come, indeed!

But across this tiny cigarette-burnt table in a Daytona Beach biker bar, it all comes back. In an instant. And I'm not irritated by the evening any more—not mad about driving them around, or about being dragged to this exhausting place. I don't even care about the smoking. The New Smyrna Beach city motto comes to mind: *cygnus inter anates*. Among ducks, a swan. We're just a little bit different from the carnival around us. And we're kin.

Finally, the night wearing long, we grab Mark and rescue Paul from reenlisting in the Marines. We slide past the redneck band, past the smoky bathrooms, past wrinkled couples in snakeskin jumpsuits, and exit into the fresh October air. We pull into Jake's ocean-view driveway just a few hours before dawn.

Silently and sluggishly my brother and I climb the stairs to his apartment, up through

LYNN



Let's Talk About Dinosaurs
Robert Lynn



The tree has died, the lights have not
Whitney Roberts

the hazy scents of dog urine and *Febreze*. We part in the hallway. “Thanks for driving, Mads,” he yawns, and gives me a hearty pat on the back.

“You’re welcome, Jake.”

“I hope you had a good time,” he adds tentatively.

Tomorrow the day will overwhelm me and I’ll cry, exhausted. But Saturday night is for adventure, and I can’t help but grin. “Yesterday I was in class all day,” I reply. “Today I was at the school bus races. Of course I had a good time.”

He smiles. “See you in the morning.”

I drift to sleep under a lazily turning ceiling fan, letting the tranquility soothe and smooth my remaining ruffled feathers. Mild salt air, the faint rush of water. I don’t even care how disgusting the guestroom is. I’ve been to Hell and back and am ready for a few hours of sleep.

My last night in Florida, Jake and I walk to the shore and stand in the balmy surf. High tide, and the moon rises: a gold pumpkin against the pastel Florida sky. When all is said and done, he is still the same brother I grew up with. Whether home or a thousand miles from home, we still have—and will always have—that much. Our family. Our immutable bond.

Or, at the very least, we’ll have our brand-new, matching tattoos.

After all, it *is* Daytona Beach.

Madeline Kelly



The Bird Woman of Regent's Park
Whitney Roberts

LYNN



Southern Baroque
Robert Lynn

You Should Have Seen Lee (Who Died Like A Carted Stag or Dog-Driven Deer)

I don't know
if the whole story is true but
I do know that Lee always ran
with the skinny grace of a startled buck,
so it don't surprise me that he
flat outran those six state troopers.

But either way,
I can just see them now, in their
dead sprint: perma-shined shoes, work blues
and those six wide-brimmed grey Stetsons
lifted magically from their heads
by the wind sheering off the passing trucks

and Lee,
bounding naked down the browning
highway median like he was a
stag set free for the pack to hunt—
wearing a grin, an empty holster and
those cartoon character tattoos.

But after
a while, they turned the real dogs loose
on him and they say that he dove
headfirst into southbound traffic—
but goddamnit if he wasn't
killed by an American car.

Robert Lynn

STALLINGS



Tiger Lilies B&W
Jonathan Stallings

If the Devil (With a Capital D) Turns Out to be a Metaphor After All

Well, I'd wonder about Leaping Lonnie
of Mingo County, West Virginia who
stands on the way back pew of the only

room in the Church of God with
Signs Following, where up front
they dangle timber rattlers from

a makeshift alter and wield seething
copperheads, keeping clumsy time
while they dance and sing and drink

strychnine and the men dip rags in
kerosene and let them burn, burn,
burn to singe the hairs of their arms

so the room fills with that deafening
odor like the amplified chords of the
choir guitar as the mothers shriek

in impossible tongues while their
children look on in petrified wonder,
as night slithers deep into the hollow.

Still, Leaping Lonnie of Mingo County,
thin as a coal seam, tall as a mineshaft,
stands motionless on a pew in the back

of the room where every week he clears
all six rows in one clean leap unless
sin weighs him down, because Lonnie

LYNN

swears the Devil is not a metaphor
for the venom of a predatory world
but is as real as gravity. So Leaping

Lonnie of Mingo County knows he sees
the Devil crouching in the emptiness
beneath the pew benches waiting to

strike and that it is always that simple--
a creature who must be overcome,
a pit viper met on a trail in the woods.

And so, after weighing sin and the devil
before him, Leaping Lonnie of Mingo
County recoils wordlessly, and springs.

Robert Lynn

Untitled

I.
She pressed her swollen cheek
flush to the grain yawning
along the floor.
Intently listening,
her mind holds an anxious tick,
grinding gears switching
and itching to compose
a symphony
of which
may be
the washing machine one story below.

II.
Her ears cupped by calloused hands,
she kisses her knees,
quavering frown.
Cotton clings
with cold sweat the adhesive.
She studies the speckled linoleum.
She can hear the ocean.

III
She folds her face
between pillow plush pages.
She buries her eyes
within the tightly wound lines;
and she eats these words.

IV
She rakes her fingers against coarse concrete;
her ridge ridden nails
curl in inverted half-moons

submitting to the tumorous stones
birthed from dead cloud pavement.

V

She lives in maple leaves.
Mandy May

Love Dies for Winter

There's a squirrel perched on the
perches of a presumable lover.
They must have forgotten that love
dies for winter.

They roll their eyes to the sky
with their hollow claws clenching
that sexed layer of fat.

They scatter across Ansel Adams
branches like a carbon widow
traces the tombstone of her
feigned marriage.

And winter will
swallow them all
to resist against
this sin.

Mandy May

Spalding Gray in January

I've heard of people
inhaling water
to make alveoli compartments
flood faster.
I wonder if my mouth
will clamp shut against the cold.

polluted Hudson.
Or if I'll just start talking
like I always do,
making myself up
until the river starts to move
me, instead of my own muscles.

The fish can live
in my scuffed boots,
once they settle
beside flat tires,
broken toasters, and dissolving
parking tickets.

The bottom feeders
will get to see
my last performance,
waiting for my
involuntary grimace
to wash off.

I'm out of stories,
but they'll still be watching
when I thank them
for coming.

Courtney McAllister

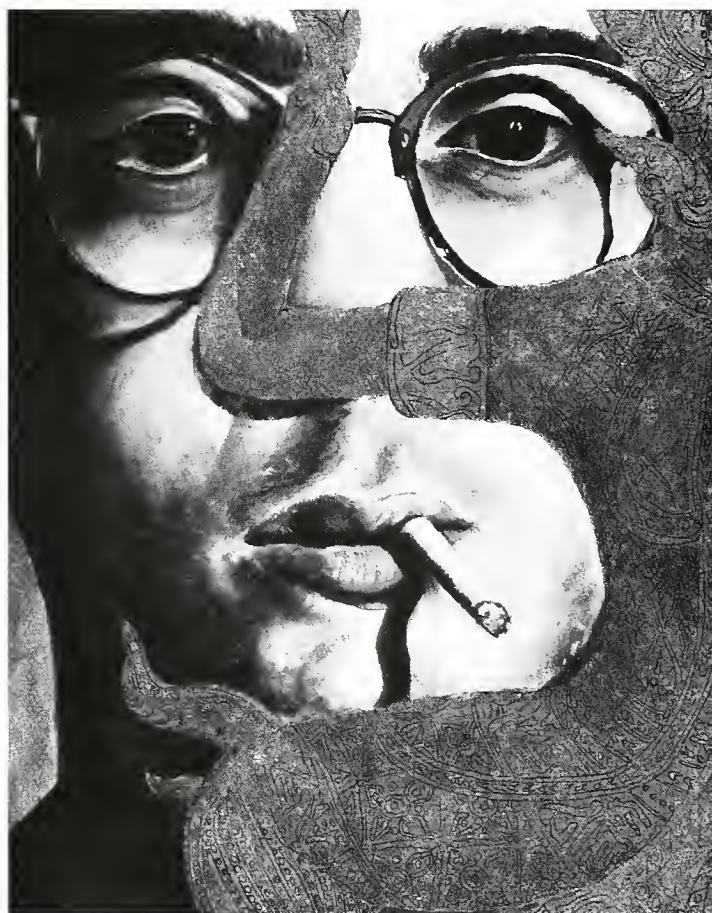
window sill

when i talk
the water in my breath
rushes past you,
spilling on the window,
beading like rain on the hood of a new sedan
except it's sideways
and I can sorta see through it.

sometimes
if i don't feel like
talking anymore
i climb on in
and go for a long ride
in the rivulets
i made with all my gabbling.

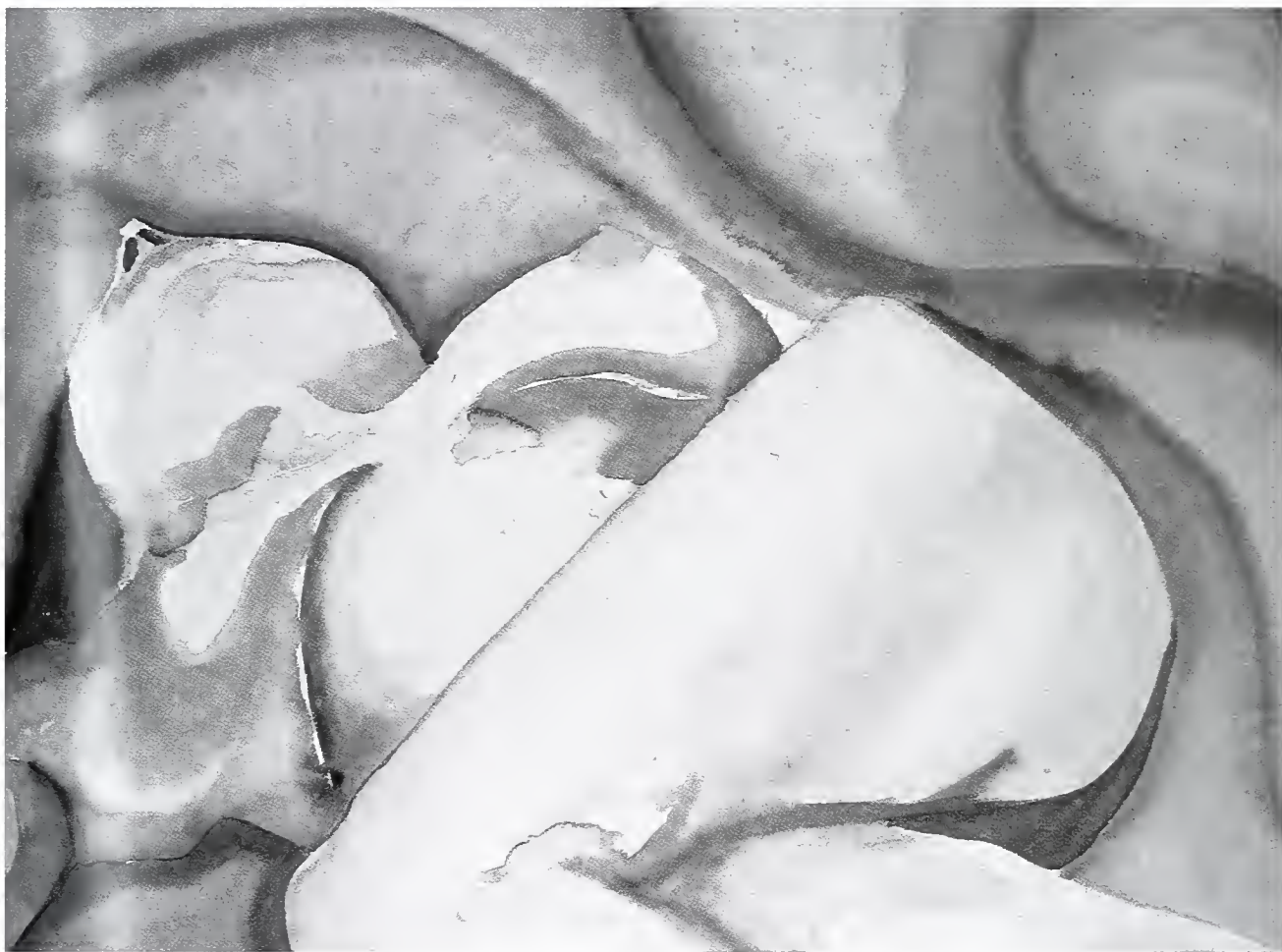
i never go anywhere too special –
i'm just driving south
looking for a place to park.

- Joseph Michael Romero



Goddess,
Gouache & gold paint
Deborah Moore, 1994

1990, 1992



Susan, Watercolor
Jennifer Carrol

Weaving Pantoum

The threads that are there
shudder when the loom shifts
and the shuttle skims under
previous lines of red.

Shudder when the loom shifts,
wrench the new layer free from
previous lines of red.
When the wooden frame contracts,

wrench the new layer free from
your knotted mistakes.
When the wooden frame contracts,
it will not bring more of the same.

Your knotted mistakes
and the shuttle skim under.
It will not bring more of the same
threads that were there.

Courtney McAllister

Poetry Addresses Her Lover, the Novel

For Julianna Baggot

At cocktail parties, you parade
 in confidence, sipping martinis,
 tossing raven hair, slicked
 and parted in duck feathers.
 Praise rolls off in chic ripples
 as a cigarette dangles from a pair
 of smiling conversing lips,
 an Al Pacino, James Dean rendezvous.
 You explore every room
 and everyone like Braille
 as I stand in the corner
 in the red dress that clings
 to my hips,
 silent.
 I know you notice, but I am meek
 as you glide from face to face,
 laughing and kissing temples.
 You are famous for drinking everything in
 names, telephone numbers, children,
 but I can't seem to peel my eyes
 from the olive in your glass,
 a forgotten peace offering.
 You observe my body
 in *deja vu* and strobe lights,
 seizing glimpses like memories
 before handing me my coat.
 We leave together,
 and travel to my apartment,
 where I am always
 the first
 to undress.

Chelsea Newnam

Pollock

I assaulted earth-kissed
canvas for miles and
miles or only feet
to keep conversation
with myself.
Ashes like confetti
drip drop
slip sling
across my reflection to
exhale kaleidoscopes of politics
and sobriety that seep fireworks
in my mind until I'm stuck
inside Number 32, missing color.
Breaking branches to pirouette pigment
like lovers' hips and
anxious ripples from skipping stones.
Sealing emotion in a
lash of oil expletives or
desperate Christian prayer,
staining soles.
I am this world
and I am not.
A hurricane without an eye
to tiptoe through violence,
driving, slicing air
until
metal embracing bark
life spit through windshield
and with crimson red
the trees are painting me.

Chelsea Newnam

Each to Each

Remember our late night walks, slipping
shadowless down deserted streets? We'd talk
immersed in flannelled silence until startled
from our reverie, like so many birds
rising, by the arrival of morning papers.

And we would look, as if in affirmation,
up to the washed gray sky, where dawn crept up
the horizon like a blush. Like a rosary
bead, I worry this memory as the
wind fists around me. Alone, but for absence
that walks where you walked. Alone, but for the
birds in the distance— calling each to each.

Alison Sweet

The Sound of Rain

I live inside a sea, my peaked roof a
shingled wave, roaring motionless over
me. In the windspun thrum of darkness, this
eye of quiet, I sleep like a boat on a
lake until dreams, like fish, bite me awake.
Vague and cat-curved, spun into a cocoon
of warm skin and material whorls I
imagine I am in the deep belly
of a great whale, rocking, endlessly
rocking in the frayed lace sleeves of the ocean.

Alison Sweet

IN APPRECIATION

At the beginning of this year, Joe Mollo, Director of Student Activities and Community Services put forth a challenge for the Aubade staff. This is the University of Mary Washington's centennial, he reminded us, and the magazine needed to reflect that. I hope that we have created a magazine that the University can be proud of—one that not only showcases the amazing talent that we have on campus today, but also the inspirational talent of our alumni. This year, the staff of Aubade is completely new and it was certainly a challenge to sort through all of the work we had before us. None of it would have been possible without certain people:

First, we would like to thank Professor Claudia Emerson. As our faculty sponsor, Professor Emerson never hesitated to help, whether that was through offering some advice about layout or finances, line breaks or word choices. This would have been an impossible task without her.

Second we are indebted to Jon Dodd and Cardinal Press of Fredericksburg. Without his patience and knowledge, this magazine would not be what it is today.

Thanks are in order for the staff of Simpson Library and the Special Collections. They helped us sort through old literary magazines, from as far back as the 1920s and as recent as 2007, to find pieces for our centennial features.

We are incredibly grateful for the support of the entire faculty and staff of the University of Mary Washington. We owe so much to the staff of OSACS. Hilda Rodriguez and Joe Mollo, for all of their help in getting the magazine off the ground this year. We would be without submissions if it were not for all the professors who promoted the magazine this past year.

And finally, to everyone who wrote a poem, took a picture or painted a painting, wrote that short story and then had the courage to submit it—without your talent and creativity this magazine would not exist. Thank you to all of the student staff who took so much time out of their busy schedules to read and go through the editing process. We can't wait to do it again next year!

Leslie Fannon, Editor-in-Chief

CONTRIBUTERS

Elizabeth Bodi is a junior English major from Reston, Virginia. Elizabeth's major goal in life is to appear as a question on the television game show "Jeopardy". I'll take exceptional modern authors for \$800 please, Alex.

Mark Donahue is an English major who secretly wishes he was studying Sociology. He is a vegetarian who feels guilty for having a leather couch. His codename is Hound Phillips.

Dresden Glover is an English major. She enjoys reading, writing, and fly fishing.

Grace Harris is a senior English major from Richmond, VA, who paints watercolors in her spare time and wholeheartedly believes in Color Me Beautiful. She has a dead-on shot, and may be attending grad school in the fall.

William Hutabarat grew up in Asia and California during most of his childhood. He loves producing art works that relate to his past and cultural identity and blending it with "the modern form".

Mike Isaacson is a sophomore double majoring in philosophy and economics. In addition to being a member of the crew team, Mike is a president of the guerilla arts club and an active member in the anarchist social theory club and the UMW chapter of students for a democratic society. When time allows, he plays guitar and stages rebellions.

Madeline Kelly is an English-Spanish double major. She was born and raised in Arlington, Virginia, and has one brother.

Robert Lynn , a [REDACTED] major, [REDACTED] where he currently [REDACTED] baby snapping turtles. According to, [REDACTED] semi-retired [REDACTED] wrestler.

Mandy May: Senior English major, proprietor of Falmouth, Virginia, future cat lady.

Courtney McAllister is a senior English major. She thinks people who light cigarettes with blowtorches are just asking for trouble. However, she also believes there's something to be said for trouble.

Whitney Roberts is a self-proclaimed writer turned painter turned photographer turned clothes-designer.

Jonathan Stallings is a Mathematics major that has a love for film. He enjoys photographing landscapes, flowers, and people.

Alison Sweet is a Senior English Major. She is also wittier than this bio lets on.

STAFF

Brittany Adams is a freshman History and English major.

Leslie Fannon likes languages, books and books about languages. She thinks that Neruda and Murakami are pretty neat. Last week she listened to California Dreamin' and Rhiannon on repeat.

Chelsea Newnam gets her best ideas on Mt. Trashmore and during the Oscars. She's a sophomore English major from Chesapeake, Virginia.

Elizabeth Pringle is a sophomore from South Chesapeake, Virginia. She is studying Psychology and Elementary Education.

READERS: PROSE

Lauren Hartwell

Michelle Labbé

Natalie Smith

Melissa Patterson

Ryan Marr

Anne Longerbeam

Elisa Walker

Adrienne Decker

LAYOUT

Ashley Ford

Mike Isaacson

FRONT COVER DESIGN

Jennifer Ramsey

BACK COVER PHOTOGRAPHY

Parisian Carousel 1, Whitney Roberts

Books, Jonathan Stallings

POETRY

Mike Isaacson

Erin Longbottom

Meghan Edwards

Erin Dwyer



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